LAND BROUGHT ANEW TO FAME BY THE DREYFUS TRIAL.

Curious Customs and Beliefs of the People-Their Strong Religious Sentiment-Gorgeous Costumes of Peasants.

The Dreyfus court-martial at Rennes has directed attention to Brittany, of which that city was the ancient capital. This attention is not undeserved, for a more charming bit of the world it would be almost impossible to find. There are the ruins of castles around which cluster legends and stories, villages that appear to have been taken up bodily, wall, moat and gates, out of medieval times and dropped down in the present century; peo-ple with customs and beliefs that have long since disappeared from other lands, and costumes that have remained unchanged for centuries.

France has been trying for a long time to make Brittany French; she has made some headway in the cities, but that is all. That even this was done not without the strongest opposition Rennes itself presents an example. When the quays which now confine the rapid waters of the Vilaine that flows through the town were built a great clamor arose among the peo-ple, for there exists a legend to the effect that good Saint Yves owned the river, and that he used to come down from heav-en every night for the purpose of walking upon the surface of the stream, distributing to right and to left blessings which fell generously upon the inhabitants of both its shores. To desecrate these quas sacred waters by confining them between adamantine walls seemed to the simple minded Britons a sin beyond pardon, and riots were only prevented by military interference

One still meets there with some very old people, who loudly deplore the banishment of the saint from Rennes by the "cruel monsters" who dishonored the beauty and freedom of the liquid path which he had selected to come and visit his own dear town during the hours of the night. It is also asserted that even since then the "Cariquet, Ancou" (the wheelbarrow of death), which is drawn by skeletons and which makes a most awful rattle at every Cornley was truly a great man and did all turn of its ghostly wheels, runs from one



WOMAN OF MORBIHAN.

end to the other of the quays at midnight on every first Friday of the month, driven by Teus himself, Teus being the evil spirit of storm and death whom the saint had vanquished and forced to leave the capital one that thou carries the voice of God; of Brittany when he himself undertook to he cast off his daughter, the sea was satprotect it and to shelter it beneath his issied with its prey and stood still.

## Superstitions and Beliefs.

The Breton is not what the world would call progressive. In the cities he has been change and the great struggle for future benefits and ambitions, but he turns his back on it all, profoundly mistrustful of the Improvements of this world. The past to him is grand and sublime and in his nidnd he contrasts it with an uninteresting uresent and a future without form or hope the stone remains of the angular than the stone remains of the stone remains of the angular than the stone remains of the stone remains of the angular than the stone remains of the s

IN QUAINT BRITTANY is supposed, of the ancient Celtic civilization, are objects of the greatest awe. They are a mystery to him, as they are to the archaeologists, but he does not sit down and onder over them. He knows their origin the army of the evil one set out in pursuit of good and righteous Saint-Cornely They would have caught him, too, if di



WOMAN OF FOUESNANT, NEAR CON-

power had not transformed that wicked army by the twinkling of an eye into solid stones. There they stand on the field of Carnac as a proof of the legend and as a warning to evildoers, 2,000 of them in long lines, just as they were when sorts of thing for the ancient Breton. Another time when the evil one was in pursuit of him he rode down to the coast and his horse gave a leap that landed him two miles out at sea on an island.

If you doubt this story they will show

you the footprints of the horse, which are properly marked by a tablet relating the incident, and also a statue of the saint. The good man stopped once to rest by a spring and ever since the water has pos-sessed most miraculous powers. Should a man's cow or horse become sick all that is necessary is for him to take his wife to the spring, pour wa r over her, and then, as the water dries up the distemper will depart from the diseased animal.

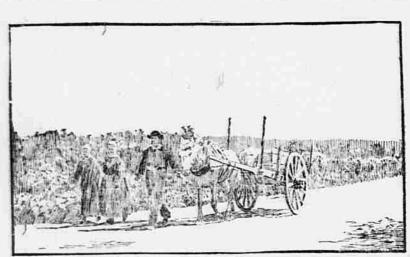
### Legends and Stories.

Nowhere does the idea of death crowd in so thickly and so drearily. On the coast men think of the dead as exposed to the terrors of the sea and the storm; in the interior they think of them as still lingering about their old homes and firesides. When the storm is rising the fishermen hear the voices of the shipwrecked crying for burial and they will tell you that on All Souls' day you may see the pale spirits rising on the crests of the waves. and scudding like spray before the wind; it is the annual gathering of those who once lived on the shores and they are seeking each other, the drowned and the buried, among the waves. They tell of fishermen's boats deeply laden with invisible freight of spirits sailing away on the an, and they believe that the dem that wait for lost souls show themselves about his door during his agony.

In the bay of Douarnenez a fisherman ointed down into the depths and said that there lay the ruins of a great city. This was the legend that he told me: a great city, but the most wicked in all the world. The king's wicked and beautiful daughter stole the key which kept out the sen and opened the floodgates and let in the waters. St. Gwendolen was sent to the king to save him. The king mounted his horse with his daughter behind him and fled, but the raging waves followed him and were about to devour him. "King, if thou wilt not perish," cried a terrible "separate thyself from that evil one that thou carriest behind thee."

## A Religious Country.

Brittany is a religious country if ever that term could be applied to a country. ran progressive. In the cities he has been more or less influenced by contact with the French, but away from these centers he of unbelief, to see a whole population by lives as his forefathers lived and does not wish that his conditions be changed. He may be surrounded by excitement and circumstances. It was not until the sevchange and the great struggle for future enteenth century that paganism was even \$10 touch.



PEASANTS NEAR PONT L'ABBE GOING TO MARKET.

land have wonderful reality.

side of the river," said a peasant of Fin-istere to me as we stand on a rocky hillside and looked across the valley. "A giant who once lived here was told by the lord that owned that opposite valley land that if he would carry all the rocks away he would furnish him all that he might want to cat. The giant undertook the job, but when he went for his pay the lord only laughed at him." That was a satisfactory explanation to him of the presence rocks, even if it did not suit me; for he had been told the story when young and he had always believed it. A spring that he showed me he said possessed miraculous power of determining life or death. upon the water the babe's shirt; if the garment floated the little one would live; if the garment sank, so sank all the mother's hopes—the child was doomed—nothing could save it. The megalithic relies that are strewn over Morbihan, the remains, it

mains in the superstitions of the past and tian missionaries came first to the Bretons that to him the legends and stories of his they found that the people treated these remains with reverence and by placing the "You see that all the stones are on this sign of the cross upon the rocks they caught their attention. Now the French cut upon the same remains the sign of the cross and knows that in that way he saves the stone from destruction, for no peasant would dare descrate what bore

the sacred insignia.

Even the brute creation is brought within the hallowed circle. The animals are blessed each year on the 12th of September, by the bishop before the church door of Carnac. Even the dogs have a patron saint. The cattle, horses and swine fast with men on Christmus eve, and they re-ceive a blessing of their own. Souvestre tells this incident of a contractor who had a wall to finish before the next springtide: A mother who had a sickly child would take it to the edge of the spring and cast tell me that he could not bring his team

a rage; I offered to double, to treble the wages of their work, but it was no use. They listened attentively, entered into all my reasons, approved them, and ended by repeating that they could not come because their horses would die if they did not hear the mass of St. Flot. I had to resign myself. Next day the spring tide tose, covered the unfinished work, flooded the whole bay and swept away the dike as it ebbed. This mass cost me 30,000 francs."

francs."

Another striking feature of their life are the annual pilgrimages and "pardons." assemblages by hundreds and thousands to seek the blessing attached to some particular spot. The greatest of these are, perhaps, the pardons of Sainte-Anne d'Auray and of Saint-Jean du Doigt near Morialx. They come to these from all over the land wearing the quaint peculiar costume of their locality. There is undoubted and ardent devotion and also in many cases, great excesses for part of the business of the day is to get drunk, to the vexation of the priests and the entertainment of the neighboring bourgeois.

### Quaint Costumes.

Nothing can give an adequate idea of the luxury displayed by the peasant and fisherfolk when they attend these "par-dons." The diversity of garb is more than bewildering; it has, indeed, something fan-tastical and kaleidoscopic, and one cannot turn one's eyes away from the splendid and devout crowd of pilgrims passing along in sierried ranks, holding rosaries and chanting prayers in sweet and melod-

along in sierried ranks, holding rosaries and chanting prayers in sweet and melodious voices. It is in Lower Brittany in particular that the peasants are garbed with a gorgeousness that creates an impression of positive amazement on visitors to these far away provinces. Their dress varies in detail according to the district that the wearers inhabit, and it would take columns to describe half of these quaint costumes. Styles do not change in Brittany, young men and women wear the same today that their grandfathers and great-grandmothers wore before them. The cap is an important feature of the costume; in many instances it is of costly lace, but it is always fashioned in the peculiar style of the locality. The women wear skirts of a great variety of colors; some are made short, and below are seven or eight petticoats of different hues edged with colored embroidery, one border just clearing the other. Aprons and the bodices are lavishly embroidered and decorated; upon the aprons, if of white material, are rich antique laces; if of brilliant hued brocades, gold and silver flowers raised in bold relief.

In Plongastel men wear a coat upon which are often embroidered a cross or some other insignia of the church. Beneath this they wear six or seven vests of different colors and decorated with steel buttons. The button plays a great role in the Breton male and female costume. It is not employed to fasten coats or corsages, but it is a mere glittering ornament, disk shaped and stamped with fleur de lis or with ermines, and is laid all along both



MAN OF PLOUGASTEL, NEAR BREST

### sides of garments, one button lapping over another, the whole forming regular of shining metal.

OPIE READ'S TOUCH. How He Made \$10 Scorching an Unknown Man for One Who Could Not Do the Subject Justice.

From the New York Telegraph. Near the stenographer's stand in said, "of the story Opie Read tells of his

Tired and dust stained he reached a a lumber yard he heard a man talking in loud and angry voice. Stopping, he heard the individual deliver himself much as follows:

## One on the Office Boy.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Big "Tom" Faby has charge of a broker's office, and makes the boast that he is the only person who ever got the best of an office boy. "Tom" used to be an office boy himself, and as a natural result is up to all dodges usually employed by the office boy when he is seeking a half holiday. The other day when the Phillies were scheduled to play a game of ball that threatened to be of great popular interest the boy came to Manager Fahv with a very sorrowful look on his face. He pleaded eloquently for leave of absence for the afternoon on the ground that his grandmother was dead. "That is indeed too bad," said Mr. Fahy, patting the boy kindly on the head and winking his eye slowly at the other clerk. "I was just going to give you a ticket for the ball game this afternoon, as it will be a double event, and I thought you would enjoy it very much, and now you can't go. Oh, it's really too bad!" When the little fellow well the comprehended the affair all be could very much, and now you can't go. Oh, it's really too bad." When the little fellow really comprehended the affair all he could do was to stand and gasp.

## How He Could Afford It.

Father (to son, from whom he has just accepted a cigar)-"Excellent! How much

PRETENDER TO SERVIAN THRONE

Some of the Ups and Downs That Have Befallen His Royal House-His

Prince Alexis Karageorgevich, claimant to the throne of Servia, arrived in New York the other day. He is in this country, he says, to study us, our meth-



latter he expects to visit the West, and Kansas City may see the prince before

his return to Europe.

It may be interesting to know that, although this young man is both a prince and a Servian, he is neither a profligate nor a fortune hunter who is forced like so many moribund princes to seek the assistance of a railway or a beef magnate's daughter to pay his gambling debts. He had a retinue of servants as long as his names and it required two trucks to transport his many trunks from the steamship landing, Ex-King Milan's immorality and extravagance and the almost hopeless in-sanity of young King Alexander make the situation in Servia very unsettled and give more than ordinary importance to the visit of this almost unknown princeling. Revolution is a popular amusement

the visit of this almost unknown princeling. Revolution is a popular amusement
in Servia and his chance may yet come.
He has as an assistant in this pretender
business his younger brother, Prince Bojidar, who attracted no little-attention a
short time ago by the production of a yery
successful work upon India. It has been
translated into several different languages
and has been reviewed at length by American and English critics. He recently
made a trip of investigation into Servia
and succeeded in getting out alive—which
proved his shrewdness if nothing more.
There need hardly be the same caution
in speaking of the prince's ancestor that
would be observed in a conversation with
his more successful rival for the Servian
throne. He is not referred to as the offspring of a sgineherd and he does go in
decent society. He is a claimant by virtue of his descent from Black George
(Kara George) who led the Servians when
they threw off the Mosles yoke in the
early part of this century. Fen years later
the Turks came back and drove out the
with a servian strictoracy Jeorge along
with a servant years afterwards he
slipped over life to see the offspring of a sgineherd and he does go in
decent society. He is a claimant by virtue of his descent from Black George
(Kara George) who led the Servians when
they threw off the Mosles yoke in the
early part of this century. Fen years later
the Turks came back and drove out the
with his and he was no looking
one of the Milosh's hired men slipped up
behind him and he was no looking
one of the Milosh's hired men slipped up
behind him and he was no looking
one of the Milosh's hired men slipped up
behind him and he was no looking
one of the Milosh shired men slipped up
behind him and he was no looking
one of the Milosh shired men slipped
up to his parliament and he lost his place.
They let the job out to Alexander, the son
of Black George and the grandstre of our
visitor. He made it pay and this grandfather's thrift is the reason that Prince
Alexis can come to America and

Some Revolutions and Changes.

Old Milosh was given another trial, but before the spring uprising came around he died and left his son Michael all of

before the spring uprising came around he died and left his son Michael all of his business.

No favorable opportunity presented itself to kill him until he had tinished cuite a good deal of work beneficial to the people. He was a rather cautious man and remained indoors most of the time. But, as no one had attempted to kill him for twenty-four consecutive hours he felt secure enough in the protection of his guards to take a walk in his park. It was a mistake, for emissaries of Alexander Karageorgevich assassinated him. The conspirators were not quick enough in getting away and a number of them were hanged, among the number two of Alexander's brothers. This sanguine feature of a little state affair was somewhat discouraging to the good man, more especially as they tried to get him too for an example of the reform in government. But he had a good stout pull in Hungary, to which he had field, and got off by being merely sentenced to life imprisonment, to pay a heavy fine and to have his property confiscated.

Then came Milan Milosh's neghew, who enough in the protection of his guards to take a walk in his park. It was a mistake, for emissaries of Alexander Karageorgevich assassifiated him. The conspirators were not quick enough in getting away and a number of them were hanged, among the number two of Alexander's brothers. This sanguline feature of a little state affair was somewhat discouraging to the good man, more especially as they tried to get him too for an example of the reform in government. But he had a good, stout pull in Hungary, to which had fled, and got off by being merely sentenced to life imprisonment, to pay a heavy fine and to have his property confiscated.

Then came Milan Milosh's nephew, who was so wretchedly bad that no one would associate with him and so wicked that would neither die nor get killed. When he became tired of the modest allowance of masculine voices hellowing upon her shock.

She swung herself around to see what it meant, while all the blood in her veins turned his palace over to his young son, Alexander, bought an excursion ticket and

ANDSON OF A KING

and strong as an ordinary man. At 17 he was a prodigy of strength, and could throw two men with ease. His physical preceity has aided in his downfall.

In the last few weeks he has lost the power of coherent speech, he is almost blind, and unable to pronounce many words. Apparently his symptoms are those of advanced paresis.

A short time ago there was a parade of the garrison of Belgrade. Colonel Pantitch, the governor of the fortress, did his ulmost to make it a brilliant success, and officers and men showed commendable assiduity also, considering that they had not seen a cent of pay for many months.

King Alexander and his father drove to the review grounds in a carriage. Horses awaited them under canvas within sight of the soldiers. The tent was closed while the king was placed on his mount with the aid of a ladder and half a dozen stallwart lackeys.

When the king appeared again he was ridding so closely between two officers that it was impossible for him to fall off. The king's face hung down on his breast. His eyes were hidden by enormous black spectacles. For ten minutes he offered a piteous exhibition of himself to the public, and ten he was carried off to the royal payillon. The crowd waiting to see him come out again saw his helmet roll down the steps and he himself was only saved from falling by his aides-de-camp.

Milan's Explanation.

### Milan's Explanation.

The Official Gazette explained that the accident was due to his majesty's shortsightedness. Public opinion surmised that he was drunk. There was something in that, but the truth has already been toldhe is a mental and physical wreck. At the celebration of his mother's birth-

he is a mental and physical wreck.

At the celebration of his mother's birthday, the king made his last speech—if a series of disconnected exclamations can be called a speech. In the course of fifteen minutes he began twenty-five lifferent sentences and never finished one of them. Then he bellowed: "Zivio; Zivio; Zi-," and fell into a chair.

Ex-King Milan then rose as if to cover his son's failure and made a very artful speech, proclaiming his love for Servia.

Young Alexander had made several efforts to marry, but of all the marriageable maidens there is not one who has not indignantly spurned his suit.

King Alexander and ex-King Milan are the last representatives of the swineherd royalty Milan is plotting to regain the throne from which he was driven, and he knews that his son's death or insanity will aid his plans. The people are weary of the lovely pair, and as a result of the next revolution our visitor may come to the throne that different of his ancestors have borrowed at off times now and then. And it would be saying very little to add that he is not only more capable, but more moral than either of the present incumbents.

Prince Alexis is a rather good looking young man with a long face, dark hair and mustache and a complexion that would saist him in establishing his claim as a descendant of Biack George. He says that when his brother went into Servia he found the people ready for another uprising. He has himself been buzzing around the border and gets information from within now and then that some relative or friend who was unfortunate to fall into the power of the Obrenovichs has been thrown into the deepest dungeon on the charge of having dared to exist. Russia favors him, he says, but doesn't wish to kick up a row with Austria. that favors other people, by



Maurice Thompson has a fishing story in the New Lippincott for September, in which the humor of his Southern characters is shown in the following extract:

"Air thet sister Betsy Podger a-settin' up ther' a feeshin'?" Daddy Kirkendall queried doubtfully.
"Hit air," said Lem.

'Well, well!" the good man exclaimed, And promptly as comes the stroke of the bass drum at the melodramic crisis in a





ROYAL PALACE AT BELGRADE.

started out to find the worst that Vienna and Paris had to offer. Even among the most profligate of these two capitals he falled to find any who were in his class and a few weeks ago he wandered back to Belgrade to see if he could train his own son into a fit companion.

The first drive that he took, some person shot at him. Reports vary as to the cause; some say that the performance was gotten up by Milan to excite sympathy, others that an indignant father spurred on by the degradation of his daughter sought revenge. Any one who knew Milan is willing to believe either story. Young Alexander became a willing pupil of his father and has advanced so far that he is in a state of mental and physical debility that is likely to end fatally. This youth of 23 has gray hair and bent shoulders. He is a mass of unwholesome fat, and his limbs are bloated, shapeless and tottering. His time is spent almost entirely in drinking and in the society of degraded men and women.

Alexander's Degradation.

## Alexander's Degradation.

Young King Alexander was, in childhood, a pretty boy, very tall, plump, rosy cheeked, dark haired, with a good natured expression. He developed with extraor-dinary rapidity. At 15 he had a small dark beard and mustache, and was as big

let go her tackle. All three of the men flung up their hands with a shout of warning, and down tumbled Betsy from the forebay, a sheer fall of twelve feet, into the water with a loud plunge.

"Luddy mussy!" roared Fodger.

"My sakes alive!" exclaimed Lem.
It never rains, but it pours; the hungry swine, hearing the voice of their negligent master, laid too much weight against the rotten rails of the pen and the fence broke, letting them out.

All together the three old men dropped everything and scrambled down into the chill water to rescue Betsy.

And the swine pouring noisily from the pen, ate the catfish, leaving not a fin or a scale.

### Would Probably Be High Priced. From the Brooklyn Life.

From the Brooklyn Life.

She—"What a -lot of things they're inventing now; chainless wheels and horseless carriages, and all those things."

He—"I wish someone would invent endless vacations."

## Got Revenge.

Travers—"But he got square with the other fellow in the end."
Sellors—"How?"
Travers—"He sent a chafing dish for a wedding present."

From Types of Rural Mexican Beauties, in Moder.



### ANOTHER COLF STORY. In Which a Red-Headed Girl and

Canning Factory Figure Prominently. from the New York Sun. Golf is a game only on the report of

bare heel.
"Wot! Who'd ye go 'round with?"
"The red-headed girl.
"Her?" contemptuously. "She ain't no good."
"Ain't she?" Jimmy answered proudly.
"She's a pippin. She can't swipe nothin',
but she pays the price. Got a dime fer
runnin' to the clubhouse fer her cape."
"Go'n!"
"An' 'S cents fo onet around."

"An 25 cents fe onet around."
The other eyed him enviously. "I went round with whiskers," he said.

"Yep."
"He's a peach, I don't think. He learnt one feller to play, an' now he can beat Whiskers all holler himself. Wot ye got?"
That referred to Jimmy's foot.
"Fissels," Jimmy grunted. "Whiskers, he can't teach," he added.
"Taught that mug."
A newcomer interrupted the conversation

A newcomer interrupted the conversation, "Hello, Jimmy," said he, "wot d'ye "Eighty-five. Wot d'you?"
"Thirty-live. Whase matter?"

The three were on a bench that had been set up for fishermen at the edge of the wharf. Jimmy in the center, had drawn up his thistle wounded foot on his lap for inspection. The pair, one on each side, assisted at the client. dsted at the clinic

"There's somethin' on it," said the other. Jimmy looked up to find a stately young woman coming toward them. He dropped his foot and nudged his comrades. "Here she is," he whispered.

It was the red-headed girl, one of the acknowledged beauties of the place. Her hair was a fashionable auburn. She smiled on the three boys with a maternal kindness, and they made clumsy attempts to remove their caps. When she turned back down the wharf again, Jimmy gave back the button and drew up his foot.

"Tell ye wot," he said impressively, "goff'd be somethin' if they was all like her. She's a pippin." Then, after a moment's thought, he added: "Wish the cannin' fac'try was open."

## All Night on a Jersey Stump.

From the Newark Advertiser.

John Walsh, of Plainfield, while on a search for specimens in botany, was lost in Dismal swamp, a marshy tract of woodland, and stayed all night, unable to find his way out. He perched himself on the trunk of a fallen tree and bided his time until daylight. He dared not move from the tree for fear of stumbling in the darkness in the morass or into quicksand. The marsh is three miles long and a mile wide, and he had no idea of direction. He was awakened in the morning by the barking of dogs and managed to follow the sound well enough to get out. From the Newark Advertiser.



"Katharine Jinks never gets half

"What do you mean?"
"When she goes away in the summer her three younger sisters always go, too.

# A RURAL MEXICAN BEAUTY. NEW MEXICAN CONSUL

TRADE THAT KANSAS CITY HAS WITH THE SISTER REPUBLIC.

hanges That Have Taken Place in Mexico Under President Diaz-

Present Development of

the Country. Senor Rafael G. Acosta, the recently appointed Mexican consul for this city, has taken charge of the affairs of the consul-

ate. He succeeded Senor Rafael P. Ser-

rano, who has been acting as consular

agent since the departure of Senor Guerra,

and who has been appointed consul at St. Louis. Senor Acosta is well known in this city, having previously served as consul here. "I am very glad, indeed, to return to Kansas City," he said. "During my form-er residence here I made many friends and I have found pleasure in renewing the acquaintances and it gives me pleasure to ee that they are glad that I am back. like the push and energy of the people. their sterling business qualities and their hospitality."

Senor Acosta was entertained when he was here before by the Commercial Club and was known then to be thoroughly alive to the interests of the organization and in complete sympathy with it as regards maintaining the most friendly business terms between this city and our sis-ter republic. Senor Acosta is an honorary nember of the club.

"There are, I need hardly say, the most "There are, I need hardly say, the most friendly relations existing between the United States and my country," said Senor Acosta, "and that friendliness, it now appears, is very likely to be maintained. The two lands are appreciating more every, year the relative merits of each other, and with that appreciation has come about a more thorough understanding between the people. And why should there not be? Are we not the two leading countries of the Western hemisphere?

### Business of Mexico.

"The business of Mexico is rapidly increasing with the development of the country. President Diaz has proved him-Golf is a game only on the report of enthusiasts whose biased criticism is printed. But they must employ the unelect as caddles, and the opinion of these, though so long unheard, is an expert judgment, too.

Two of them, ragged, barefooted urchins, burned brown on the links, were sitting on the wharf at a summer resort that has, with other attractions, golf links and a canning factory. The native youth of the village earns money by picking fruit for the latter when it opens in the early autumn. In midsummer they are caddles.

"Say, Jimmy," said one, "how much d'ye make?"

"Eighty-five," said Jimmy, inspecting his bare heel.

"Wot! Who'd ye go 'round with?"

"The red-headed girl."

"Her?" contemptuously. "She ain't no good." self in every respect a most competent



SENOR RAFAEL G. ACOSTA, New Mexican Consul at Kansas City.

sisted at the clinic.

"D'ye like goff, Jimmy?"

Jimmy spat in the water. "Rats!" he said expressively.

"D'ye wish the cannin' fac'try was open."

"Bet yer life."

"I found a button."

The finder passed a bit of discolored brass down the line, and they tried to decipher the inscription on it.

"Belt it's a U. S.," said the owner.

"Belt iboy," Jimmy answered shortly.

"There's a head on it," the owner insisted.

"There's somethin' on it," said the other. Jimmy looked up to find a stately young woman coming toward them. He dropped his foot and nudged his comrades. "Here she is," he whispered.

It was the red-headed girl, one of the acknowledged beauties of the place. Her hair was a fashionable auburn. She smiled on the three boys with a maternal kindness, and they made clumsy attempts to remove their caps. When she turned back down the wharf again, Jimmy gave back the button and drew up his foot.

"Tell ye wot," he said impressively, "goff de somethin' if they was all like her. She's a pippin." Then, after a moment's thought, he added: "Wish the cannin' fac'try was one countries, and you our fruits and raw materials of all kinds and in return you send us your manufactured goods.

"The trade of this city with Mexico is constantly on the increase. Exactly what it is in bulk I am not able to say, for as a general thing the record is not kept as is done by some countries, always at the constantly on the increase. Exactly what it is in bulk I am not able to say, for as a general thing the record is not kept as is done by some countries, always at the constantly on the increase. Exactly what it is in bulk I am not able to say, for as a general thing the record is not kept as is done by some countries, always at the constantly on the increase. Exactly what it is in bulk I am not able to say, for as a general thing the record is not kept as is done by some countries, always at the constantly on the increase. Exactly what it is in bulk I am not able to say, for as a general thing the record is not kept as is done by som change between the two countries. We

Senor Acosta is in the military branch Senor Acosta is in the military branch of the service as well as the consular. He began his career in the army and now holds the rank of lieutenant colonel of cavalry. He has acted as consul at Mobile, Bultimore and Philadelphia, besides his service in Kansas City. He has been likewise an inspector of consulates. He is, too, an author of no little ability and when in Mexico he was a frequent contributor to literary journals upon matters pertaining to the drama, music and literature.

when in Mexico he was a frequent continuit daylight. He dared not move from the tree for fear of stumbling in the darkness in the morass or into quicksand. The marsh is three miles long and a mile wide, and he had no idea of direction. He was awakened in the morning by the barking of dogs and managed to follow the sound well enough to get out.

This Takes Courage.

From the Chicago Times-Heraid.

"I tell you, Burkhart is a man who has nerve."

"How has he ever proved it? He has never gone to war or rescued anybody from drowning, has he?"

"No, I guess not; but he isn't afraid to stay right in the house and face his wife when she reads the news from the summer resorts in the Sunday papers."

The Difference.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

"If they arrest Christian Scientists for trying to cure people by prayer, why don't they arrest the ministers who pray for the sick?"

"Oh-er-well, the minister always advises that a doctor be called in also, if the case is serious."

Her Bitter Fate.

From the Chicago Record.

Her marked ability in consular affairs. His selection, therefore, for the Important post in this city, is viewed with great satisfaction by the local business community. Mr. Serrano has represented the Mexican government in this city, is viewed with great satisfaction by the local business community. Mr. Serrano has represented the Mexican government in this city is viewed with great satisfaction by the local business community. Mr. Serrano has represented the Mexican government in this city for six years past, during which time he has made many friends, Subsequent to turning over the consulate to Mr. Serrano the colonel's instructions are to report for duty to the minister of war at the Mexican capital. Being an army man he is much pleased at his prospective assignment to service in that department, which he has for some time past been endeavoring to bring about."

Big Rattler in Her Hammock.

Big Rattler in Her Hammock.

Milford, Pa., Correspondence of Philadelphia Record,
Miss Evaline Quick, of Lackawaxen,
Pike county, had a fearful encounter with
a monster rattlesnake at her home, near
the village. She was lying in a hammock
on the lawn reading a book, when a rustling among the leaves aroused her, and
she was terror stricken to see crouching
and ready to spring, a huge rattlesnake.
Ere she could call assistance the rentile
had bounded into the hammock and fastened its fangs in the folds of her skirt.
With a shriek Miss Quick sprang from the
hammock, when the snake loosened its
hold. Securing a club the young lady returned and killed the snake, which was
nearly five feet in length and had eleven
rattles.

## Helping Him Along.

From the Chicago Times-Herald. Author-"So you decline to produce my

Author—'So you decline to place a play?"
Manager—'Yes. It would be useless."
Author—'Isn't the plot a good one? Isn't the dialogue bright?"
Manager—'Oh, yes, but it's decent. Why don't you take a look around? See what plays are drawing the crowds. Then write another and I may be able to use it."